But smothred it within my panting bulke,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.
Brok. Awakt you not with this sore agonie?
Clar. O no, my dreame was lengthned after life,
O then began the tempest of my soule,
Who past (me thought) the melancoly flood,
With that grim ferriman which Poets write of,
Vnto the Kingdome of perpetuall night:
The first that there did greete my stranger soule,
Was my great Father in law, renowned *Warwicke*,
Who cried aloud, what scourge for periury
Can this darke monarchie aford false *Clarence*?
And so he vanisht: Then came wandring by,
A shadow like an Angell, in bright haire,
Dadled in blood, and he squeakt out a loud,
Clarence is come, false, fleeting, periurd *Clarence*?
That stabd me in the field at *Tewxbury*:
Seaze one him furies, take him to your torments,
With that me thought a legion of foule feinds
Enuironed me about, and howled in mine eares,
Such hidious cries, that with the very noise,
I trembling wakt, and for a season after,
Could not beleeue but that I was in hell,
Such terrible impression made the dreame.
Brok. No maruaile my Lord though it affrighted you,
I promise you I am afraid to heare you tell it.
Cla. O *Brokenbury*, I haue done those things,
Which now beare euidence against my soule,
For *Edwards* sake and see how he requites me:
I pray thee gentile keeper stay by me,
My soule is heauy and I faine would sleepe.
Brok. I will (my Lord) God giue your grace good rest,
Sorrow breakes seasons, and reposing howres
Makes the night morning, and the noonetide night.
Princes haue but their title for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toyle:
And for vnfelt imaginations,
They often feele a world of restlesse cares:
So that betwixt your titles, and low names,

There's

There's nothing differs but the outw
The murderers e
In Gods name what are you, and ho
Exe. I would speake with *Clare*
Bro. Yea, are ye so briefe?
2. *Exe.* O sir, it is better to be b
Shew him your Commission, talke
Bro. I am in this commanded to d
the noble Duke of *Clarence* to your
I will not reason what is meant there
Because I will be guiltlesse of the me
Heere are the keyes, there sits the D
Ile to his maiesty and certifie his G
That thus I haue resignd my place
Exe. Do so it is apoynt of wisdom
2. What shall we stab him as he sle
1. Noe then he will say twas done
When he wakes.
2. When he wakes,
Why foole he shall neuer wake till t
1. Why then he will say we stabe
2. The vrging of that word Iudge
A kinde of remorse in me.
1. What art afraid?
2. Not to kill him hauing a warra
For killing him, from which no wa
1. Backe to the Duke of *Glocester*
2, I pray thee stay a while, I ho
Change, twas wont to hold me but
1. How doest thou feele thy selfe
2. Faith some certaine dregs of co
1. Remember our reward when t
2. Zounds he dies, I had forgot th
1. Where is thy consience now?
2. In the Duke of *Glocester* purse
1. So when he opens his purse to
Thy consience flies out.
2. Let it goe ther's few or none w
1. How if it come to thee againe?

D

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